

MARCH 1921

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LIFE



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Rigaud
16 Rue de la Paix
PARIS.

First the
ROUGE
and then a touch of the soft, clinging
FACE POWDER

—each fragrant with that bouquet of
rare flowers from which emanate the
sympathetic vibrations characteristic of

Mary Garden
Perfume

This fragrance enriches the
entire series which includes

Breath Pastilles	Lip Rouge
Brillantine	Liquid Soap
Cold Cream	Nail Polishes
Coffret	Powder
Eau Dentrifrice	(Solid)
Eye Lash	Sachet Powder
Beautifier	Shampoo
Eye Brow Pencil	Smelling Salts
Extract	Soap
Face Powder	Talcum Powder
Greaseless	Tissue Cream
Cream	Toilet Water
Hair Tonic	Tooth Paste
Lip Stick	Vanity Case



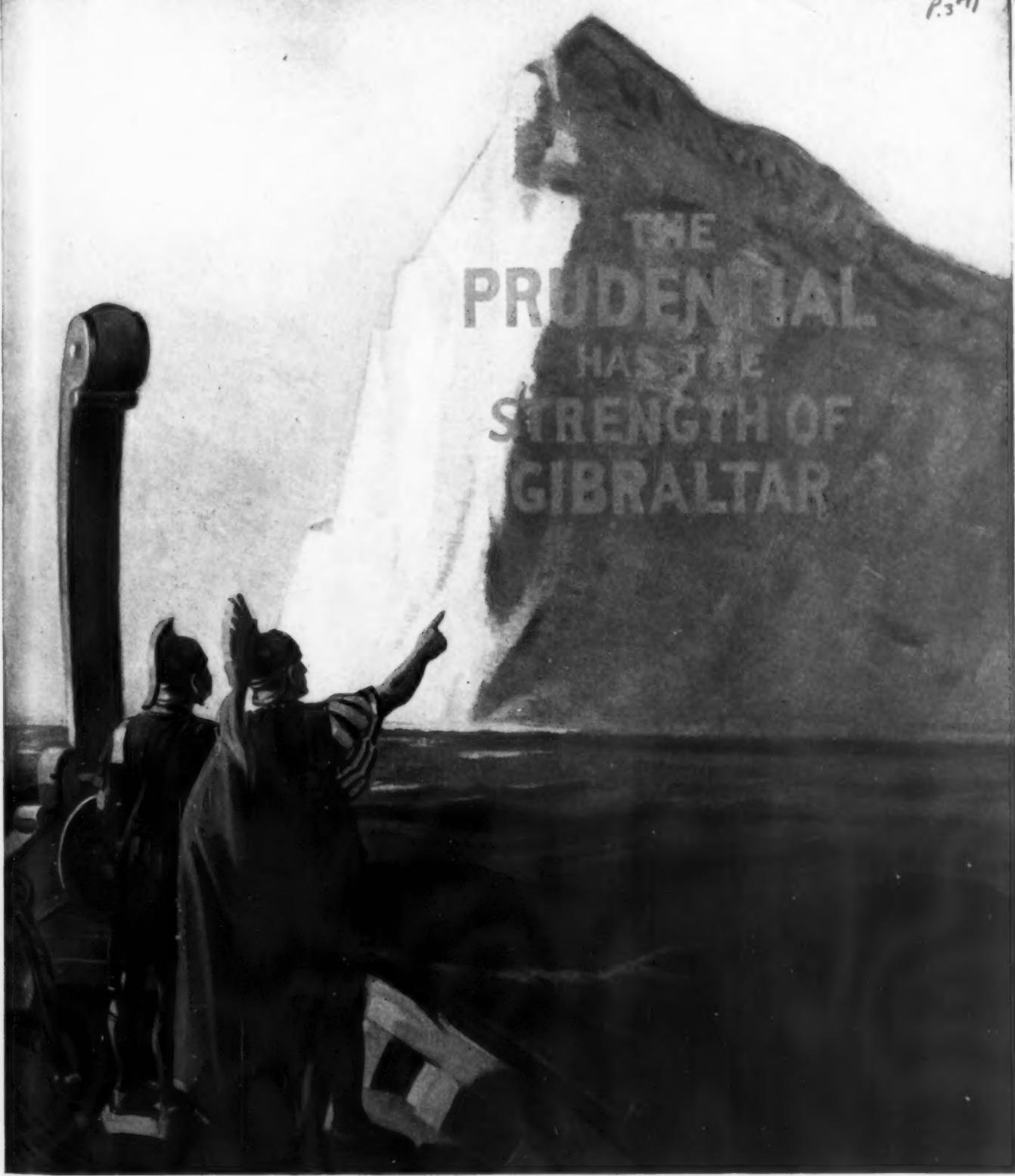
GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS . NEW YORK

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing
Company at 17 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Annual Subscription, Five Dollars.
Vol. 77, No. 2002. March 17, 1921.

Entered as Second Class Matter June 8, 1881, at the Post Office at New York,
N. Y., under the act of March 3d, 1879.
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THE
PRUDENTIAL
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

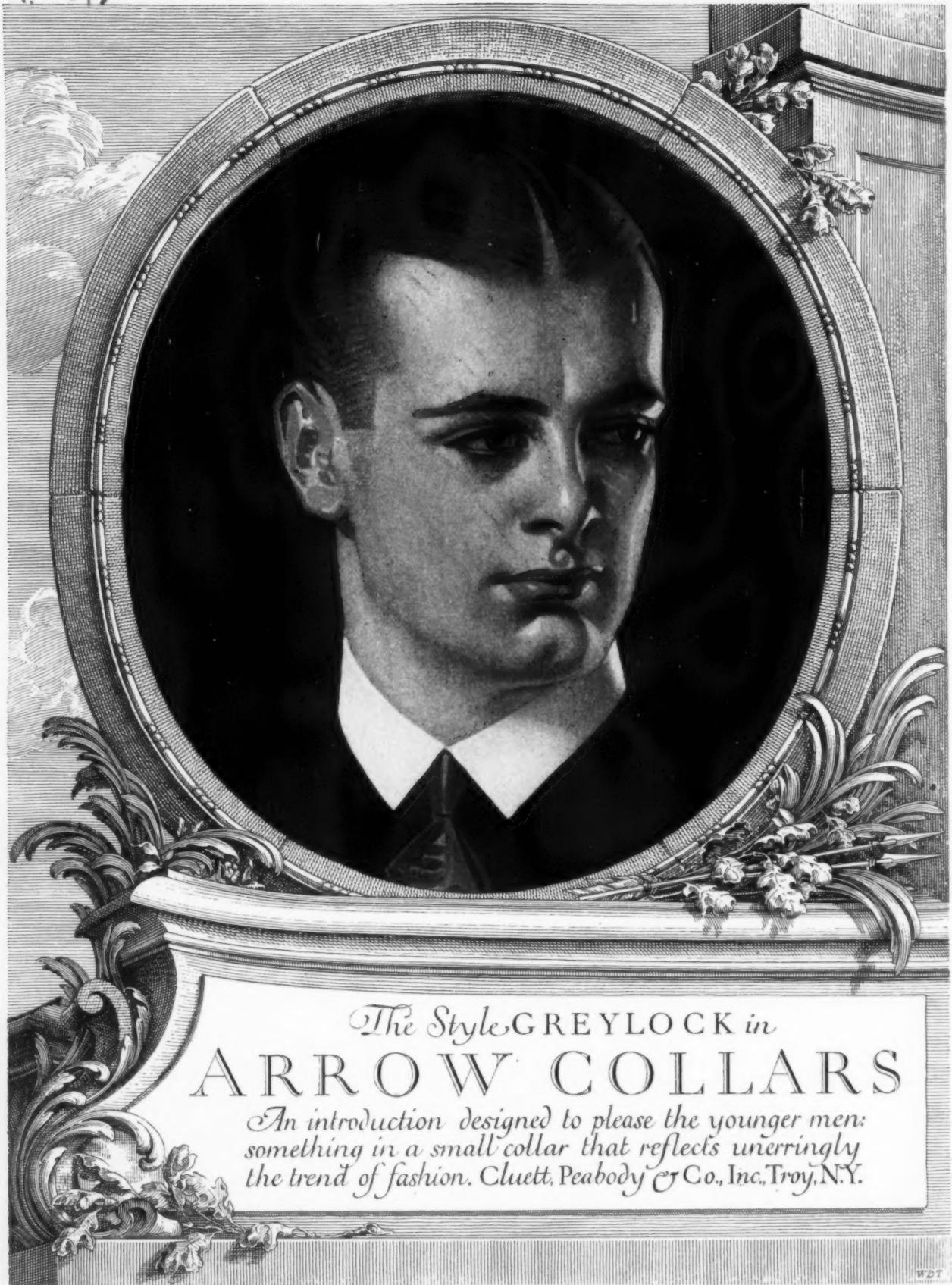
THE ANCIENTS REGARDED THIS PILLAR OF HERCULES
AS A TOWER OF STRENGTH TO THE MODERN MIND
IT MEANS STRENGTH IN LIFE INSURANCE.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey

FORREST F. DRYDEN, President

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J.



The Style GREYLOCK in
ARROW COLLARS

*An introduction designed to please the younger men:
something in a small collar that reflects unerringly
the trend of fashion. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.*

Ballade of Business

Kate's running a tobacco-shop,
Jane draws a wage from carpentry,
And Amaryllis' patent mop
Defies domestic anarchy;
Marie's so capable that she
Keeps foundry laborers from strife;
She heads a motor company—
But where am I to find a wife?

Eradne's made a wondrous top
That's famed from Maine to Italy;
While Wanda's jointed rabbits hop
Through every modern nursery;
May has a mock canteen, where tea
Is served to sound of drum and fife,
Grace reaps from etymology—
But where am I to find a wife?

Maud's raising a world-famous crop
Where honors tie 'twixt bean and pea;
At Daisy's restaurant each chop
Would rouse a Muse from apathy;
Babette's a broker, who must be
Where rumors anent stocks are rife;
They're all most useful, I agree—
But where am I to find a wife?

I do not know on land or sea,
In any varied walks of life,
A girl who'd stay at home with me—
So how am I to find a wife!

Charlotte Becker.

Decline

ANOTHER good word gone wrong. Intrigue has brought up at last in the newspaper headline. Not the kind of intrigue that regaled us from the front page in the days of German plots and counterplots, but the relatively new intrigue of literature, of *belles lettres*. "Blue," * a *World* headline informs us, "Intrigues Mrs. Harding's Fancy." So far as we have been able to find out, this comes pretty close to being intrigue's début in the headline business. Having débuted there will be no turning back. We may expect to be intrigued morning and evening for some time to come. Eventually, we shall read of face powder that intrigues, of men's cordovan brogues that intrigue, of intriguing bargains in baby's rompers—of enamel kitchen ware, table linen, dish-washing machines, and chewing gum that intrigue. And if the five-cent cigar ever comes back, be prepared to welcome it as the Nickel Smoke that Intrigues.

*For the benefit of the ladies, we might add that it was gendarme blue that did the intriguing in this case.

HOWARD: The Schuylers and Cowards share their cook just as they do their opera box.

JAY: Yes, the Schuylers have her Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and odd Sundays.

Send coupon
for free
trial tube

We Asked 1,000 Men—

"What is your conception of the ideal shaving cream?"

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

For many years we have been making the ideal toilet soap. We blended palm and olive oils—the balmy cosmetics of age-old fame. And millions of people have adopted this Palmolive Soap.

Six years ago we started to embody this blend in a shaving cream. And the first step was to ask a thousand men the virtues they wanted in it.

These were their requirements:

First, a quick shave

Nine-tenths of those men wanted quick shaves, above all. They did not like long brushing, finger rubbing, hot towels and delay.

So we made a cream which acts in one minute. Within that time the average beard absorbs 15% of water. And that is enough. This result is due to almost instant oil removal—the oil that coats the beard.

Next, liberal lather

Next, they wanted liberal lather. And they wanted a little of the soap to go far.

So we developed a cream which multiplies itself 250 times in lather. A bit on the brush—only one-half gram—suffices for a shave. A single tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream serves for 152 shaves.

PALMOLIVE
Shaving Cream



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Lather that remains

Then they wanted a lather which maintains itself without drying on the face.

So we perfected a lather which maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes. That is ample time. This lather does not need replacement.

A soothing soap

They wanted a soothing shaving cream. They wanted a lubricated razor, no irritation, a pleasant after-effect.

The best way ever known to those ends is our blend of palm and olive oils. The lather is a lotion in itself.

We made 130 creams

We are experts in soap making. But it took us 18 months to attain this ideal shaving cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas. Thus step by step we attained these supremacies, and the best shaving cream in existence.

Now we ask you to test it. Learn in how many ways it excels. It will lead the way to a lifetime of delightful shaves.

Send the coupon for a trial tube.

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address
and mail to

Palmolive Company, Dept. 175
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

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Coming

Montague Glass—on California Scenery

Beatrice Herford—on Breakfast by Telephone

More Dogs and Their Doings

Covers—by Coles Phillips, F. X. Leyendecker,

Cory Kilvert and many others

More from Hermione—by Don Marquis

Togo Makes Good with Certain Critics—
by Wallace Irwin

And so many other
features in the
Spring and early Summer
numbers now
approaching that it
would be impossible
to enumerate them
on this page.

Special
Offer
Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.20 Foreign
\$1.40). Send LIFE
for three months to

Obey That Spring Impulse



Open only to new subscribers; no sub-
scriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 170
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)

The Cover for This Issue was Painted by Maxfield Parrish

*two souls with but
a single thought-*

"the bristles **DON'T** come out"

R. B. DOWLER & CO.
MANUFACTURERS AGENTS
ELECTRICAL MACHINERY
DALLAS, TEXAS

May 7, 1920.

Rubberset Company,
Newark, N. J.

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing herewith, to be placed with your antiquities, an old "Blue Ribbon" Rubberset which I purchased in 1899. It has never lost a bristle, though about an inch has been worn off.

I have a few friends who would now present friends who appearance if they had had their heads treated by your process.

Yours,
(Signed) R. B. DOWLER.

[This is No. 24 of a series of ads
NOT written by our ad man.]

3721 Forest Ave., Chicago.
May 28, 1919.

Rubberset Company,
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

They say that you can't improve on Nature, but I don't believe it. I have a Rubberset Shaving Brush and the bristles do not come out. I have a Natureset head and my hair is coming out daily. If Nature had adopted the Rubberset process of putting in hair, a bald head would be impossible.

Yours Respectfully,

(Signed)
WILL H. HENDRICKSON.

[This is No. 25 of a series of ads
NOT written by our ad man.]

RUBBERSET
LATHER
HAIR
TOOTH
BRUSHES
PAINT
STUCCO

every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber

BOOKS

LIFE'S Choice

What the Current Book Reader Ought to Know.

Russia in the Shadows, by H. G. Wells. What Wells found out about Bolshevik Russia in a fortnight and a day. And it's pretty safe to go by it.

The Sisters-in-Law, by Gertrude Atherton. The overall movement in California society. A story of conflicting individualities and temperaments in turmoil.

The Victory at Sea, by Admiral Sims. How the deadly fangs of the Untersee-serpent were drawn. A first-hand and first-rate account.

The Autobiography of Margot Asquith. Personalities and personages of British upper realms done with considerable Margot and dash.

The New Jerusalem, by G. K. Chesterton. Without sacrificing coruscation or humor, Chesterton reviews philosophically the past of the Israelite, and considers his future problems in a world under reconstruction.

Main Street, by Sinclair Lewis. Carol Kenicott's fight to a finish with the mail-order mind. Keen satire that needs no stropping or honing.

Rhymed Reviews

Waiting in the Wilderness

(By Enos A. Mills. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

A MONG our splendid western hills
And parks-by-act-of-legislature,
Meanders Mr. Enos Mills,
That eager child of Mother Nature.

From peep of dawn to set of sun
He roves wherever mood invites him;
And though he never packs a gun,
No lynx or grizzly ever bites him.

In leafy wilds he loafes all day,
A gentle soul averse to slaughter,
To watch the cattawampus play
And hear the beaver slap the water.

He tells of scientific hunts
For fossil elephants and horses,
Of baby woodfolk's merry stunts,
Of streams that steal each other's sources;

And how in tracks upon the snow
A lion writes his commentaries;
And how a fearless guide may know
His way across the pathless prairies.

He does not always choose the best
Of photographic illustrations;
His jokes would better be suppressed;
And why not verify quotations?

And still he teaches boys to prize
Their heritage of woods and mountains,
To use their heads, their ears and eyes,
To drink of Nature's quenchless fountains.

His breathless coasts on mountain slopes
Will make your very marrow tingish;
I love his bears and antelopes;
But, oh, he writes atrocious English!

Arthur Guiterman.

Jim Henry's Column

375

Habit

Don't you sometimes get to dreaming of being *free*? I don't mean just roughing in the open—the idea is rather to get away from all the customs and habits which seem to crowd in on a man more and more as he gets older.

Wouldn't you like to do differently every blessed act of yours tomorrow?

Different bathroom, different clothes, different breakfast, car, office, stenographer, a new line of business chatter—you know the feeling.

As near as I can analyze it, a habit is the result of instinct taking the place of intelligence—thinking with your muscles instead of your brain.

For example, quite a lot of men use hard shaving soap because once upon a time it was the best thing they could get and the habit gripped them. Some will go down to the grave without ever having enjoyed the amazing sensation of a sharp razor purring through a Mennen treated beard that hasn't any more bristle than the fur on a kitten's chin.

That's what I mean by being free—emancipating yourself from the kind of soap that soured your Grandfather's life and with reckless abandon giving Mennen Shaving Cream a trial.

Just one shave will show you that you don't have to rub in Mennen lather with fingers—three minutes with the brush will tame any beard. Try cold water if you like—it works as well as hot—but use three times as much water as usual.

and
afterward,
Mennen
Jalcum
for Men
it doesn't
show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



A letter with pictures printed on it

THERE is a recent development in printing called the illustrated letter. It consists of printing on your letter a picture or pictures of the thing you are writing about. These pictures, which may be in color or reproduced photographs, or diagrams or whatever you please, can be part of the letterhead design, or they can be printed on the inside pages of a four- or eight-page folded letter.



For a letter so printed, a printing paper is essential. A portfolio showing the uses of the illustrated letter has been prepared



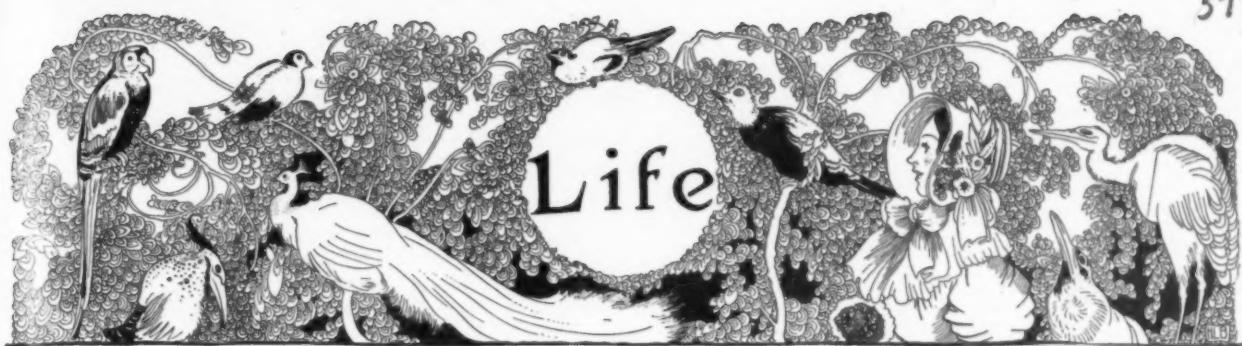
on Warren's Library Text. This folder explains the many uses of such a letter, contains examples of actual letters that have proved remarkably successful, and demonstrates the peculiar advantages of Warren's Library Text for this sort of work. These folders are distributed by paper merchants who sell Warren's Standard Printing Papers.

If you do not know the Warren distributor nearest your city, write us and we will tell you his name.



S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS



The Miracle

By Mabel Haughton Collyer.

PATRICIA, I remember well
How you defied the winter chill
In pumps as fragile as a shell—
Enough to make a Tartar ill!
Audaciously you did disclose
Two charming lengths of silken hose!

I, in my heavy homespun socks,
My felt-lined shoes, galoshes stout—
My coat as cozy as a fox—
Did scarcely dare to venture out
Upon those wind-swept days when you
Exposed your silken hose to view!

Yet influenza laid me flat.
To-day I shiver in my pew
As I regard your Easter hat
And all the gorgeous health of you.
You little rascal! Heaven knows
Pride must have warmed your silken hose!



Tommy (recovering from measles) : WOULD YOU GIVE ME A PONY AND CART FOR SCARLET FEVER?

Let Us Disarm, Says Sounder

LIFE'S Famous Correspondent Sees War As the Only Serious Obstacle

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, March 12.—As an example of the annoyances that beset the conscientious public servant, let me cite my experience in working in behalf of disarmament. Always a pioneer in taking up questions of this sort, I have for some little time been giving the subject the full benefit of my intellect; and after poring over statistics until the figures meant little or nothing to me, I arrived at the important decision that, taken by and large, disarmament is a good thing. I prepared several bills and resolutions on the subject, and carefully rehearsed my speeches in support thereof. I was justified in thinking that I had something in the nature of a scoop.

On Wednesday last as I strolled to the Capitol I happened to meet Senator Walsh of Montana, and to him I confided the result of my researches. To my dismay I found that the subject had been before Congress for a month or more, and that the Senator himself had been active in discussing it. In short, I am left rather flat. It would have been no more than common courtesy, it seems to me, if I had been apprised of this state of affairs before I put in all that work.

However, I am not the one to act in the spirit of spite, and that very afternoon I laid the result of my investigations before Mr. Julius Kahn, the chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Kahn declared that except for the fact that my conclusions were based on statistics of 1900 instead of 1920, he found my document quite extraordinary. I don't understand how I came to make that slip in the dates of the statistics, though I daresay it does not make much difference.

The nations of the world, I find, are agreed that it would be a good thing to disarm, and of that decision fortunately our Senators and Representatives approve. When you consider that our naval appropriation alone calls for \$700,000,000—which, if distributed among Mr. Harding's plurality, would net each man or woman of that plurality a cool \$100—you can understand what disarmament would mean in dollars and cents. Not that I advocate any such method of distributing it; I use it merely as an illustration.

The other arguments in favor of disarming are equally sound; in fact, there isn't much to be said in opposition. The members of Congress are all agreed on that. And therein, to my mind, lies the difficulty that may prevent us from taking

action. For if we are all agreed that the world is waiting for us to take some step in the matter and that we ought to do so at once, we haven't a thing to argue about. It would be entirely foreign to the traditions of Congress to pass a measure of any importance expeditiously and without debate.

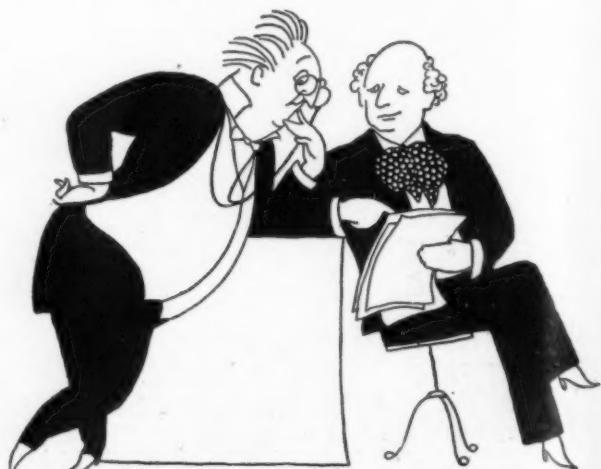
I am hopeful, however, that we may be able to get together and find something in the details of the plan to disagree about. In fact, we already are making some headway. We have spent a good deal of profitable time in considering whether to reduce the army to 175,000 or to 150,000 men; and there is material for months of spirited debate on the question whether we should accept Senator Walsh's proposal that the President appoint a member to the Disarmament Council of the League, or whether we should follow the suggestion of the House that the President should call an International Disarmament Conference. When that has run its course there is fresh material in Senator Borah's plan for a naval holiday in Great Britain, Japan and the United States.

Another proposal that has its earnest advocates is that all the nations shall make a 50 per cent. reduction in their armaments. This is all very well, but I see trouble brewing with Switzerland, for to reduce its fleet of one vessel by 50 per cent. would render that fleet extremely unseaworthy. I fear that plan would be as much of a mischief-maker as the League of Nations.

To sum up, I think I may say without fear of contradiction, that if we can drag the question of disarmament through a dignified period of debate, we should be able eventually to take some suitable action on it; presuming, of course, that no future wars or other unforeseen developments interfere.

Senator Sounder.

P. S.—The disarmament question will have to be laid aside while we fight the bill just introduced by Senator Smoot to prohibit smoking in the Capitol. In its outrageous assault on the personal liberties of our lawmakers, this bill yields to none in national and international importance. S. S.



MR. KAHN POINTED OUT THAT MY CONCLUSIONS WERE BASED ON STATISTICS OF 1900 INSTEAD OF 1920.

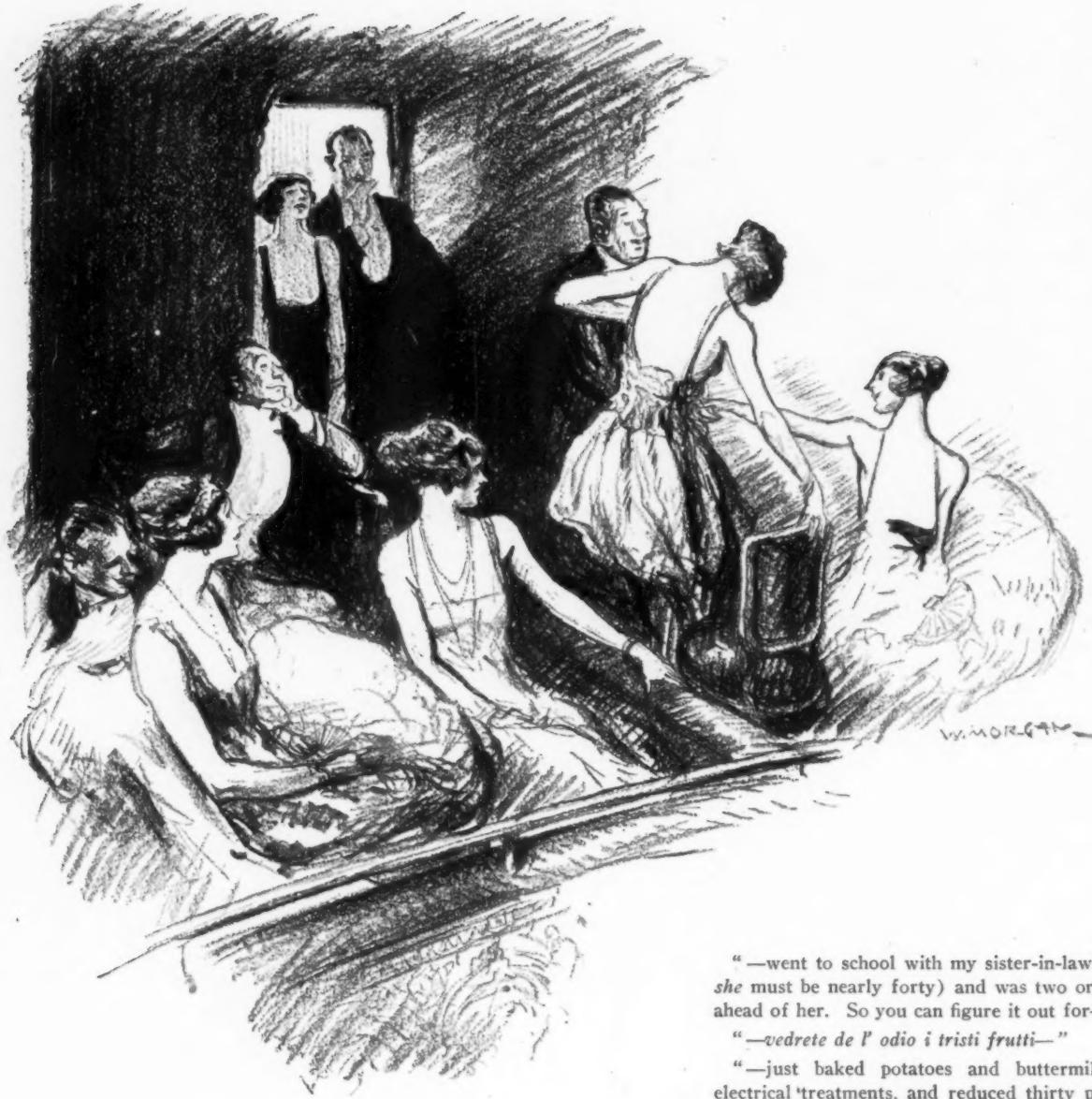


Drawn by R. M. CROSBY.

R. M. Crosby

THERE'S A REASON FOR EVERYTHING

"WE ALL LIKE THE FREDDY JONESES IMMENSELY, BUT WE DO WISH THEY WOULDN'T
ALWAYS BE LATE AT DINNER PARTIES. IT MUST BE FREDDY'S FAULT—HE ALWAYS
WAS UNPUNCTUAL."



Words and Music

(Scene: At any performance of "Pagliacci.")

"—**I**O sono il Prologo. Poichè in scena ancor—"

"—don't understand how they do it. Why, Sam says everybody down in the Street knows that her husband hasn't made any money since last—"

"—e, a voi di nuovo inviami. Ma non per divi come pria—"

"—absolutely gray, the hairdresser told me so herself. She goes and has it done over every two weeks. She has to spend almost the whole day at the hairdresser's. They leave the henna on for—"

"—sol che l'artista e un uomo e che per gli uomini scrivere—"

"—never could find anything to admire in her type. Now I like a face that has something to it, I always say—"

"—ed ei con vere lacrime sorisse, e i singhozzi il tempo—"

"—went to school with my sister-in-law's sister (and she must be nearly forty) and was two or three classes ahead of her. So you can figure it out for—"

"—vedrete de l' odio i tristi frutti—"

"—just baked potatoes and buttermilk, and took electrical treatments, and reduced thirty pounds in two weeks. That's what gave her that awfully drawn look around the—"

"—pruttosto che le nostre povere gabbane d' istrioni—"

"—heard some people simply rave about the way she dresses, but I've always felt, myself, that a woman ought to have a little more privacy—"

"—poichè noi siam uomini di carne e d' ossa—"

"—keep their motors in the same garage we do ours, and their chauffeur told Stevens that there wasn't a night but what he had to help her husband up to the front door and—"

"—all pari do voi spiriamo l'aere—"

"—as broad-minded as the next one, but I do think there is such a thing as going too far. For goodness' sake, when you tell this don't tell who told you, but I was told by someone who happened to be right there at the time, that, last Fall at White Sulphur, she used to—"

"—Andiamo. Incominciate!"

Dorothy Parker.



Father Time's Easter Egg

Drawing and Verse: by OLIVER HERFORD

"SPRING is always unexpected,
Always up to some new game."
Thus old Father Time reflected,
"Spring is never twice the same!"

"Bright and fleeting as a bubble,
Gone almost before she's here,
Yet she makes a lot more trouble
Than her sisters in a year!"

"She may be here any minute,
Then again maybe she mayn't,
There's no mischief but she's in it,
She would rile a blessed saint!"

"When she'd have you think she's
dreaming

Primrose dreams, it's safe to say
'Gentle Spring' is only scheming
Some new kind of prank to play!

"When she plays her pranks here-
after
My forgiveness she shall beg—"
"Shall she?" came a voice with
laughter
From inside an Easter Egg.

Through the shell a bright and glis-
tening
Flower Fairy popped its head.
Loud laughed Time, "If you've been
listening,
Don't repeat a word I've said!"

"Should Spring think that I would
scold her
I have worshiped her in vain;
After all the times I've told her
Must I tell it her again?

"Were I boss of all creation
I would take a well-earned rest
I would give up Aviation
Just to do what pleased me best."

"I would stop the Earth's rotation
When I heard the first Thrush
sing,
Take a million years' vacation,
Yes—and spend them all with
Spring!"

The Thoughts of Hermione

The Modern Young Woman

I ALWAYS feel so exalted at Easter time, if you get what I mean . . . exalted and, well, made over.

A Little Group of Advanced Thinkers that I belong to have been taking up Easter in quite a serious way, lately. . . . Easter and its Symbolism, you know. The loveliest man talked to our little group about it; he had the most spiritual eyes—spiritual, and magnetic, too!

Isn't Magnetism wonderful!

Sacrifice, so he told us, is the lesson of Easter. And we Advanced Thinkers know more about Sacrifice than anyone else . . . my life is just one long story of Sacrifice, Sacrifice, Sacrifice! The things I give up, the Worldly Vanities, you know, in order to keep abreast of the Wider Social Movements, are . . . well, their name is legion, as Emerson says somewhere. Parties and balls and social gaieties, you know, and all that sort of thing, and extravagances—I have given them all up for the sake of devoting myself to the World's Welfare, and the Causes that Bring the age closer to Cosmic Harmony.

We just loathe frivolity, our little group, and nobody could be frivolous and devote as much time as we do to Welfare Work, and Slumming Parties, and the City Beautiful Movements, and Psychoanalysis and the Elevation of the Drama, and Household Economics and Spiritualism and . . . and . . . well, you know, all the latest Causes!

If it were not for Little Groups of Advanced Thinkers like ours, how would the world keep in touch with the Cosmic Overtones?

Oh, the Cosmic Overtones! The Cosmic Overtones!

Nearly every night before I go to bed I put myself through a little spiritual examination, and I ask myself: "Has my Subliminal Self moved in Perfect Harmony with the Cosmic Overtones to-day, or has it failed?"

This man—the one who talked to us about Easter, you know, had the most thrilling voice! How anyone could listen to him and then plunge into Worldliness and Frivolity is more than I can understand.

I have the loveliest new gowns and hats this Easter! Perfect dreams! Poor dear Papa is not always sympathetic towards

all my Causes . . . but he always "comes across," as the horrid slang is, with the check.

You see, it is my duty . . . it is the duty of every Awakened Intellect and Every Sensitized Spirit, to take thought of adornment on Easter.

My Easter clothes and hats aren't merely frivolous, fashionable clothes, you know . . . they are Symbols . . . Symbols of the Inner Meaning of the day.

To dress in Symbolic Harmony with Spring, if you get me, is quite a different thing from vulgar, fashionable ostentation. One is a Spiritual Necessity, and the other is merely . . . well, common!

Don't you just hate anything common?

I have a perfect dream of a hat which cost me \$300 . . . it expresses me, my Ego, if you follow me.

And it would be wicked not to express one's self if one could—all these Urges and things, you know, demand an outlet.

I think all the Sacrifices I have made are giving me a look of . . . well, of . . . really, there is only one word to express it . . . a look of Spirituality.

I looked in my mirror for an hour this morning, and I was certain that the look there was one of Spiritual Yearning!

Isn't it interesting about Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the fairies? So romantic, don't you think?

If there really are fairies, I suppose the Advanced Thinkers will have to Adopt an Attitude towards them.

Will the Best People take them up? The Best People finally took up Socialists, you know.

And I suppose it would be the same way with gnomes and fairies and brownies. Isn't it thrilling!

What a sensation I should create if I could get hold of a leprechaun, a real Irish leprechaun! And entertain him socially, you know! If this fairy thing is true, I must write my Irish friends to look out for a leprechaun for me! Some friends of mine entertained Lord Dunsany when he was in America, but I should be the very first to entertain a leprechaun!

Well, I must be running along. I have a committee meeting . . . the Society for Raising the Moral Standards of the Pure, you know.

Don Marquis.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



Lithographed by GEORGE BELLOWS.

SPRING



Drawn by A. B. FROST.

Once a Golfer Always a Golfer.

The Unknown Soldier

THERE is quite a lively sentiment in Philadelphia in favor of burying an unknown soldier in Independence Square, or Independence Hall perhaps, in that city.

Mayor Moore is for it. Some of the Pennsylvania congressmen favor it and a number of the Philadelphia clergy are quoted in support of the idea. Senator Penrose says he will help all he can.

No harm if they want to do it, and the means is furnished them, but a ceremony of this kind is an imitation and seems rather too likely to be a cheap one. In France it was a very moving performance, carried out with the beauty and propriety with which the French do such things. In England it was well done. But in France there were thousands and thousands of unknown French dead and of the eight hundred thousand English who died in the war, a great many were buried unidentified, in France. Here circumstances are different, and the disposition towards this ceremony is not instinctive nor based on overwhelming facts, but the burial seems a thing to do because it has been done somewhere else.

And another thing. In France and England the war dead were left, for the most part, to lie in the ground that first received them or in cemeteries nearby. There was no disposition to bring them home, and the two great public funerals were in a way a substitute for such a transfer. But here our dead have been brought home by the thousand and a public funeral in honor of them all is not so appropriate.

PRESIDENT HARDING may have to quit golf to help play *blocs* with the Senate.



"I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT YOU COME TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY, BOBBIE."

"I DO NOW, BUT JEST YOU WAIT TILL I'M OLDER."



LOCAL GOSSIP

CALVIN HALL oughter gone in fer inventin' and sech. He hitched his flivver up to his grindstun, an' he's been a-grindin' axes for all hands. Cal's wood pile wuz right handy an' he'd pass 'em the axe after he'd gut it ground and ask ef it suited 'em, and they'd try it out on a stick er two an' say somethin', and Cal would grind it a leetle more and they'd try it again, so take it fust and last, by and large, one thing an' another, Cal's gut his kindlin' wood all chopped an' the heft uv his hardwood split without doin' nuthin' himself except grindin' fifteen er so axes.

Missus Hall sez ef he kin figger now somehow to git it lugged inter the house, she'll show him a trick er two erbout burnin' uv it.

(To be continued in our next.)

Woman in Future Wars

THE intrepid general was rallying her wavering female troops.

"Women," she cried, "will you give way to manly fears?"

A muffled murmur of indecision ran through the ranks.

"Shall it be said we are clothed in male armor?" shrieked the general.

The murmur became a murmur.

"Will you," fiercely demanded the general, "show the white feather in a season when feathers are not worn?"

The effect was electrical.

"Never!" roared the soldiers. And, forming into battle array, they once more hurled themselves upon the enemy.

What Sort?

ADMITTING that Col. George Harvey has not been nominated as Ambassador to Great Britain as yet, the Springfield *Republican* says: "Still everyone, including the British, should get ready for the visitation."

Maybe the *Republican* would suggest what sort of preparation would be suitable.

MRS. BROWNE: I can make a fool of my husband whenever I want to.

MRS. TOWNE: How do you work it?

"Easy. Let him have his own way."



MARCH 17, 1921

VOL. 77. NO. 2002

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
London Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

THE pitcher that goes often to the well is broken at last (which is all in the day's work), but meanwhile it often gets filled, and surely it is a better destiny for a pitcher to do its office and be filled, even though it is finally broken, than to stand idle on the shelf.

At this writing, the day before the Inauguration, there is information that is very positive and seems trustworthy, that our old friend and brother, George Harvey, is to represent the new administration at the Court of St. James. Col. Harvey is one of those fortunate characters who fix their desires on definite things. It is a great step towards attainment to want something in particular. The particular thing that Col. Harvey has wanted off and on for eight or nine years is to be Ambassador to England. We all know that he invented Mr. Wilson as a political candidate. He did not make the man, but he made the advertising that made his candidacy possible. We all know, too, that after Col. Harvey had worked the case up for six or seven years in *Harper's Weekly*, and had done the most important part of the work of getting Mr. Wilson nominated for Governor of New Jersey, and had him visibly in the running as candidate for the Democratic nomination, that Mr. Wilson checked the impetuosity of his devotion and asked him not to run him quite so hard, and hurt the Colonel's feelings so much that he turned away altogether. He tried to set up Champ Clark as an emergency candidate. Nevertheless, when Mr. Wilson was nominated, Col. Harvey and *Harper's Weekly* did support him, and after election it was understood that it would be acceptable to Col. Harvey to have his services recognized by the Ambassadorship to England.

But it did not go. Mr. Wilson at that

time was anxious to appease and requite the colonel-editor. He knew what his services had been, and he did not wish to pass them by. He was willing to send him as Ambassador to France, but he would not send him to England. But England and nothing else was what Col. Harvey wanted, and is it not quite wonderful that after eight years of going often to the well he should seem to have landed that prize at last?

Lots of people, lots of Republicans, feel that only a man of the highest respectability should be sent as our Ambassador to England and they do not think that Col. Harvey is respectable. Well, of course not. He has been in the newspaper and magazine business for thirty or forty years and everybody knows that those calling are not respectable. But he has something which in the present chaotic state of the world is a great deal more important than respectability. He has an extraordinary political talent.

Sometimes in cases of desperate illness people turn out the regular physician and call in a quack. They do that, not because they think a bad doctor is better than a good one, but because, having tried the regular practitioners and got no help, they are willing to take a chance with an outsider who may know something, or have an idea which the regular doctors have not got. If the state of the world is bad enough to take chances on—and it seems to be—and if its regular doctors have fallen down on their job—and they have—surely George Harvey is as good a quack as anyone could call for.

He is not stupid. He has remarkable talents and now and then he has political ideas that seem almost heaven-sent. He had one when he hit upon Mr. Wilson as the likeliest Democratic candidate. He not only had the idea, but he stuck to it, worked at it for six or seven years, developed it, and brought it along until it was

strong enough to go on its own legs. Moreover, he has remarkable powers as a harmonizer and as a link between men. He is a notable hand to get men of a certain sort, or even of different sorts, to work together.

He is a good man to tell people what to do when they do not know. The trouble with his relation with Mr. Wilson was that Mr. Wilson knew from the start precisely what he wanted to do and did not need anyone to tell him, but in the late campaign when Mr. Harvey was so close to Mr. Harding and sat with him and advised with him so much, the case was quite different. Mr. Harding was feeling around for a course that he could venture to follow, and the suggestions of Col. Harvey's practiced and experienced imagination seemed to have been highly useful to him.

And so it may continue to be if the Colonel goes to London. He will know lots of people there, think of lots of things and doubtless will send back to Mr. Hughes and to Mr. Harding a very handsome line of information and suggestion. It would have been easy to make a much more decorous appointment, but not easy at all to make another that, on the whole, would be so interesting.

But what a man! What a life he has lived! What astonishing achievements he has pulled off! One has to smile at the thought of his being Ambassador to London, but he matches the current world, matches it fine, and as for the people that will most disapprove his appointment, it is just what they deserve.



THE world continues to be inharmorous—the main change from week to week being in the development of new dis-

cords. It disapproves heartily of itself, at least each group disapproves of the others. For example, the American Federation of Labor has come out with great hardness in denunciation of the "ruthless persecution and slaughter of labor unions in Soviet Russia." It calls on every labor organization in the country to reflect its sentiments that the "Soviet savages" may know what union labor thinks of their "bestial system." It says that Trotzky and Lenin have been carrying out their threats of extermination of the labor leaders whose offenses have been that they are opposed to the Lenine Government, which, it says, has established a system of slavery, made long hours and Sunday work compulsory and forbidden strikes. It thinks there has not been in modern times, in any country, worse persecution and slaughter of labor unions than what is now going on in Soviet Russia.

The American Federation of Labor is a going concern and going pretty strong, and when it talks as above, it does not augur well for the spread of Red sentiments among working men in the United States.

It is only a matter of time when the Lenine Government in Russia will col-

lapse. When the time comes for it to go, it will go doubtless with a whoop and a gush and a big sweep, and observers from a safe distance will get a remarkable entertainment. But setting dates for such events is a precarious employment. One can say in a general way what he thinks will happen to the different parts of Europe, and may even feel warranted to back his opinion with money; but when the things foreseen will happen, no one can tell, not even the automatic writers.

There is hardly a country, in Europe and on this continent, that has not a live going dispute on its hands. A war was reported between Panama and Costa Rica, but one of them seems to have been put in the closet. The Irish here insist upon fighting, and when they cannot get to Ireland to do it, they do the best they can in New York.

England does not advance at all rapidly yet towards smoothing these Irish troubles. There is a hitch about the German indemnity; one reads of activities among the French troops on the German frontier; Turkey is a disputed bone; Greece has territorial claims, and we are wrangling with Japan about Yap and other matters, and things are as squally as the most inveterate lover of bad weather could ask.

Friends and followers of Mr. Wilson will be grateful to the *Evening Post* for obtaining from General Smuts an expression of his knowledge of Mr. Wilson's service to the world in Paris and of his feelings on that subject. General Smuts has expressed himself very simply and nobly and with an obvious sense of deep conviction that what he said was the truth.

He is far from being in accord with the sentiment that Mr. Wilson made a mistake in going to Paris, and accomplished nothing by doing so. To him General Smuts ascribes it that the provision for a League of Nations was saved in the treaty of Versailles. "No other statesman but Wilson," he says, "could have done it and he did it. He made mistakes, but it was not his mistakes that caused the failures for which he was mainly made responsible. It was not Wilson who failed in Paris but humanity itself. It was not the statesmen that failed so much as the spirit of the peoples behind them. Others had seen with him the great vision, but his was the power and the will that carried it through. The covenant is Mr. Wilson's souvenir to the future of the world. No one will ever deny him that honor."

E. S. Martin.



"Let the Soviet savages know what labor of the civilized world thinks of their bestial system."—
From the manifesto of the American Federation of Labor, February 27, 1921.

INTO THE GARBAGE CAN



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People We Can Get At

VI.
HER AUNT WHO INSISTS UPON SHOWING YOU A REMARKABLE COLLECTION



Can Get Along Without

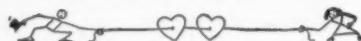
W.C. MORRIS
A COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS CONSISTING OF OVER EIGHTY THOUSAND NAMES



Ladies' Day

WITH the overwhelming woman vote which predominates any afternoon gathering in mind, the producers of the flock of special matinees which have swarmed down on Broadway during the past month have selected, for the most part, plays dealing with women's worries. "Diff'rent," "The White Villa," "Cradle Song," and "The Tyranny of Love," all deal with more or less pathological manifestations of what Keats has called "Love."

In the first three is disclosed the result of deliberate inhibition of the feminine instinct to be clubby, and in "The Tyranny of Love" we see the horrible effects of too little inhibition. In all the cases the deduction to be drawn is that it is a very sad world.



"THE Tyranny of Love" is an adaptation from the French. (You wouldn't recognize the name of the author, even if I could remember it.) Were it not for the fact that it receives excellent treatment at the hands of Estelle Winwood and Cyril Keightley, it would amount practically to a burlesque. It is one of those French immorality plays in which the husband is very busy writing his paper for the scientific convention and has to keep jumping up all the time to demand of his wife that she tell him the truth, and to remind her that she still bears his name. Only in this case, the wife's chief offense is that she is too much in love with her husband. This, of course, is considered very bad behavior in a French triangle play and would justify the other gentleman's killing them both on sight in accordance with the Continental version of the Unwritten Law.

No one kills anyone, however, but there is a lot of "leaving my house" and suicide threatening, and it ends by everyone accusing everyone else, without the slightest justice, of being to blame for the whole thing. According to the programme, Mr. Henry Baron is to blame.



"THE WHITE VILLA" is quite another story. A most effective play has been made by Edith Ellis from Karen Michaelis' "The Dangerous Age," and Lucile Watson makes it seem much better than it really is. It tells the story of a woman who thought it would be nice to go off and live by herself on an island. Well, it wasn't. That's all there is to it, except that with a true Scandinavian flair for looking on the bright side the author makes it impossible for her ever to go back to her old life. Heigh-ho!



IN "Cradle Song," another translation, this time from the Spanish, we see the inside of a convent, and pictorially it is a most striking scene, with its brilliant whites and contrasting blacks. The value of pure white in scenic effects seems to have been overlooked in the scramble for exotic reds and greens, much as the value of plain dialogue had been overlooked in

the rush for epigrams and heroic speeches until Zona Gale and Frank Craven came along with "Miss Lulu Bett" and "The First Year."

"Cradle Song" is not a play to leave you limp, unless you doze off once or twice during the second act, but as a study of thwarted mother-love finding its outlet in the bringing-up of a girl baby left at the convent, it has moments of considerable power.

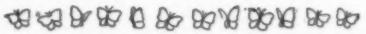
The rich Irish brogue of Whitford Kane in the part of the old Spanish doctor *Don José* suggests, however, that *Don O'Shea* was the name before the family moved to Spain.



THE four one-act plays written by Clare Kummer which form the special matinee bill at the Punch and Judy Theatre, are not particularly feminine in nature except for the fact that no one but a woman could have had the delicate and delicious abandon to have written them. All the male playwrights in the country, with the possible exception of George M. Cohan, should attend these performances in a body and see what it means to be original, and then should go away and say over to themselves five hundred times each night before they count up at their own box-offices: "I couldn't do it if I tried. I couldn't do it if I tried." Possibly they wouldn't want to do it, especially if counting up at their own box-offices is as pleasant as it must be for Mr. Hopwood, for instance. But if there is any justice at all in this world, the woman who wrote "The Robbery" (and got Ruth Gilmore and Sidney Blackmer to play in it) will some day have a chance to leer triumphantly at the co-author of "Ladies' Night."

"The Robbery" is, it is true, by far the best of the four playlets of Miss Kummer's. It has more lines which mean nothing at all than any play in town, and there is no one who can make a meaningless line sound so charming as Miss Kummer. "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well" is her young hero's argument for an early marriage. And, until you think it over, it sounds like a very good argument, too.

It is too bad that the bill should end with "Chinese Love," not because it isn't good, but because many other people, even a man, could have written it. And most of the conventional comedy in "The Choir Rehearsal" shows signs of its revision for vaudeville use. But the general impression of the afternoon as a whole is delightful.



"MR. PIM PASSES BY" is the latest offering of the Theatre Guild and while it looks a bit immature and ineffectual on the stage recently occupied by "Hearthbreak House," it is very pleasant entertainment indeed.

Perhaps we expect too much from Mr. Milne, the author. His writings in *Punch* and the collections of his works which have reached this country, have led us always to look for an exquisite touch producing the most simple and yet the most original effects. There is almost nothing so originally simple in the dialogue of "Mr. Pim Passes By" as to suggest the "A. A. M." of *Punch*. It is simple, but sometimes that is all.

We should be thankful, however, for such occasions as that on which *Mrs. Marden* describes her first husband as a man "who went to jail a great deal." And above all, we should be thankful for Laura Hope Crewes, who plays *Mrs. Marden*. There ought to be an official proclamation issued setting aside a special day of public thanks for Laura Hope Crewes.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Apollo.—“Macbeth.” Lionel Barrymore and Julia Arthur in what was left of Shakespeare’s tragedy after the scene shifters got through.

Belasco.—“Deburau.” An excellent production of a poetic drama telling the sad tale of a famous pantomimist.

Belmont.—“Miss Lulu Bett.” Human nature dramatized with great effectiveness by Zona Gale from her own novel.

Eliot.—“The Skin Game.” Galsworthy’s interesting story of class antagonism in England.

Booth.—“The Green Goddess.” A great deal of melodramatic hokum so well done by George Arliss and Winthrop Ames that it is as exciting as if it were new.

Century.—“In the Night Watch.” Spectacular naval warfare, including a wardroom liaison, and many elaborate speeches translated from the French.

Erlinge.—“The White Villa.” Special matinees. Reviewed in this issue.

Empire.—“Mary Rose.” Barrie in his most eerie mood, tremendously affecting for those of us who are frankly unstable in our emotional reactions.

Frazee.—“The Woman of Bronze.” A triangle play of familiar model, with Margaret Anglin playing the emotional rôle in a superb manner.

Garrick.—“Mr. Pim Passes By.” Reviewed in this issue.

Maxine Elliott’s.—“Spanish Love.” The old, old story of the love of two men for a maid, greatly exaggerated.

Morosco.—“The Bat.” Audiences are requested not to divulge the identity of the murderer to friends who have not seen the play.

Princess.—“The Emperor Jones.” Charles Gilpin in a remarkable portrayal of a fear-crazed fugitive.

Thirty-ninth St..—“Samson and Delilah.” A Scandinavian tragedy of temperamental homelife, made into a notable event by the acting of Ben-Ami.

Comedy and Things Like That

Astor.—“Cornered.” Madge Kennedy redeems an old-fashioned crook play.

George M. Cohan.—“The Tavern.” An absolutely incoherent burlesque of romantic drama, reaching heights of glorious insanity.

Comedy.—“The Bad Man.” Holbrook Blinn in the charming role of a suave bandit who dispenses an attractive law of his own.

Cort.—“Peg o’ My Heart.” Laurette Taylor going right on where she left off a few years ago.

Erlinge.—“Ladies’ Night.” Of all plays which started new this season, this has run the longest. Down with popular government!

Forty-eighth St..—“The Broken Wing.” Another play about the Mexican border, with the additional features of an airplane crash and some secret service surprises.

Fulton.—“Enter Madame.” A delightful comedy of artistic manners in the home of a prima donna.

Gaiety.—“Lightnin’.” Frank Bacon in what looks like a hit.

Sam H. Harris.—“Welcome Stranger.” The race prejudice of a New England town as the theme for an interesting if not particularly high-class business play.

Henry Miller.—“Wake Up, Jonathan.” Mrs. Fi ke delightful, of course, in a conventional comedy built for a much smaller star.

Hudson.—“The Meanest Man in the World.” Amusingly snappy telephone conversations and general-store talk made into a regulation drama of the “Turn to the Right” school.

Little.—“The First Year.” Looking through the window into any American home and getting one of the biggest laughs of the year at it.

Longacre.—“The Champion.” A combination of what Americans think Englishmen are like and what Englishmen think Americans are like. Full of good 115 per cent. American laughs.

Lyceum.—“The Gold Diggers.” Ina Claire in a highly successful comedy of chorus-girl life.

Nora Bayes.—“Three Live Ghosts.” Amusing adventures of three returning war casualties.

Plymouth.—“Little Old New York.” All about Manhattan in 1810, when everything was quaint and very charming.

Punch and Judy.—“Rollo’s Wild Oat.” A Clare Kummer delicacy, served as it should be by Roland Young.

Republic.—“Dear Me.” A play with a moral. Very, very cheerful.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Ambassador.—“The Rose Girl.” Anyway, the theatre is new.

Casino.—“Blue Eyes.” If you look at Mollie King a lot, it will seem like a very good show. Lew Fields is as funny as anyone could be.

Globe.—“Tip-Top.” Fred Stone’s aggregation of entertainers giving a very pleasant evening to those fortunate enough to get in.

Hippodrome.—“Good Times.” Nothing has been omitted.

Knickerbocker.—“Mary.” A speedy, tuneful play with a great deal of dancing.

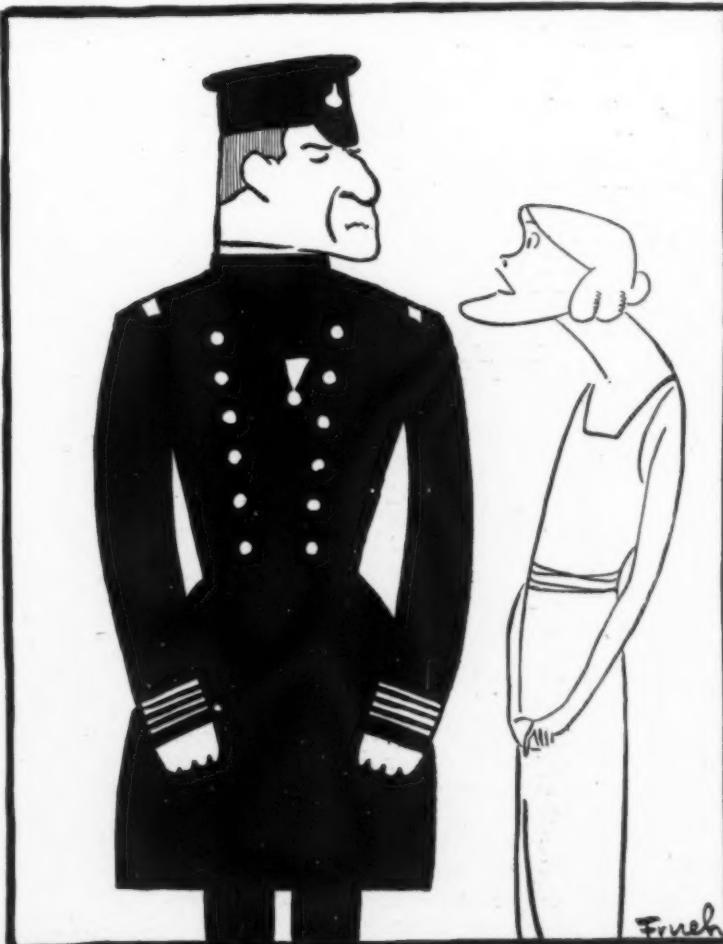
Liberty.—“Lady Billy.” Mitzi and her show, including a yodel or two.

New Amsterdam.—“Sally.” Not the best musical comedy ever produced, but about as good as you could hope for, all things considered. Leon Errol and Marilynn Miller help.

Shubert.—“Her Family Tree.” Nora Bayes and a great big show full of Nora Bayes.

Vanderbilt.—“Irene.” Still breaking musical comedy records.

Winter Garden.—“The Passing Show of 1921.” Better than recent Winter Garden shows, faint as the praise may be.



ROBERT WARWICK AND JEAN EAGLES IN “IN THE NIGHT WATCH.”

Follow this Guide to Gastronomy

By Montague Glass



NO DOUBT you have wondered how you could cook in your own home many of the dishes you have tasted in hotels and restaurants. At any rate you may have wondered how such dishes are prepared, and we have endeavored to set down in as simple language as possible the formulas for the more familiar items on the hotel bill of fare.

Deer Foot Farm Sausages with Mashed Potatoes.

Buy a small farm—the old Van Etten Place or River View Farm—change its name to Deer Foot Farm, raise hogs on it, kill them, make sausages and serve hot with mashed potatoes.

Soup à L'Oignon

Peel and slice six large onions, place in hot water and allow to simmer for five minutes. Add six large onions and bring briskly to a boil. When these are tender, stir in six large onions, allow to cook slowly for half an hour, and just before serving add six large onions.

Roast Milk-Fed Chicken

Have ready one medium-size quart of milk and one chicken. Feed the milk to the chicken and kill chicken. Roast in quick oven and serve hot.

Hot Consommé en Tasse

Pour the contents of one quart can of water into boiling water and cook until

tender. Strain, heat to boiling and add from two to three cups of rather diluted water. Turn into a double boiler and heat together for half an hour or longer, and serve hot. A little more water may be required if too much has cooked away.

Côtelette de Veau Milanaise—Pommes Parisiennes

Have ready one small veal cutlet, three medium-size potatoes and transportation

to Milan via Paris. Fry potatoes in deep fat in Paris. Cook the cutlet for half an hour in Milan. Serve hot.

Frozen Pudding

This is easily prepared. Take one medium-size pudding. Reduce the temperature of its cubic contents to thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit by Axilla and serve cold.

Wine Jelly

Dissolve the contents of one small box of gelatine in hot water. Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. Repeal the Volstead Act to enforce the same and the acts amendatory thereof. Repeal Chapter 341 of the Laws of 1918 entitled "An Act to Prohibit the Manufacture and Sale of Vinous, Malt and Spirituous Liquors in Certain Towns and Villages of the State of California." Add two tablespoonfuls of California Sherry and allow to set.

His Gloom's Effect

MRS. LESSNER: Do you think it's true that poor Lydia hasn't smiled since her marriage?

MRS. SHORTWELL: I think it's very likely. You know her husband is a professional humorist.

A SPANIEL in Boston goes about the streets wearing spectacles; showing that environment is not without its effect even in the animal kingdom.

Men Who Impress Me

(With apologies to Jacqueline Embry)

MEN whose waistcoats fit perfectly and do not give one the impression that the garment has just been borrowed from a friend, as the average man's does.

Men who are the possessors of fountain pens that always have ink inside of them, where it should be, and not in a murky film all over them (as mine has).

Men who can drive their wife and mother-in-law into town without looking like an inexperienced chauffeur.

Men who can go home at 5:30, hand their wife a neat package, look her firmly in the eye and say: "There, Mary, is the chop you phoned me to bring," without having her say: "Heavens, Henry, did you forget the bread again?"

Men who can write letters to the Vox Populi column and manage to say something sufficiently sane or original to get mention in the editorial columns.

Men who can look a life-insurance agent straight in the eye and have him reaching for his hat in five minutes.

Men whose grown sons are afraid to call them "guy'ner" to their faces.



"THE NIGHT OF THE BIG WIND."

Men who can show the beauties of their vegetable garden to friends and claim credit for it without having the wife casually mention that the hired man did most of the work.

Men who can relate so many anecdotes and incidents relative to Babe Ruth, George M. Cohan, Hoover or similar

prominent persons that their hearers feel certain the narrator is the cousin, if not the brother-in-law, of the celebrity referred to.

Men who can, in ten minutes, deliver an eloquent address on any subject under the sun by mixing together, in practically equal portions, parts of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Bryan on Free Silver and some recent editorials from their favorite evening newspaper.

Jack Morton.

Home-Brewed Philosophy

A WATCHED pot is never stolen by a thirsty friend.

A quart in the closet is worth two in storage.

To brew is human, to treat a friend, divine.

Nothing brewed, nothing gained.

It's never too late to mend the kettle.
Too many recipes spoil the brew.

There's many a slip 'twixt the brew and the lip.

Absent friends make the brew last longer.

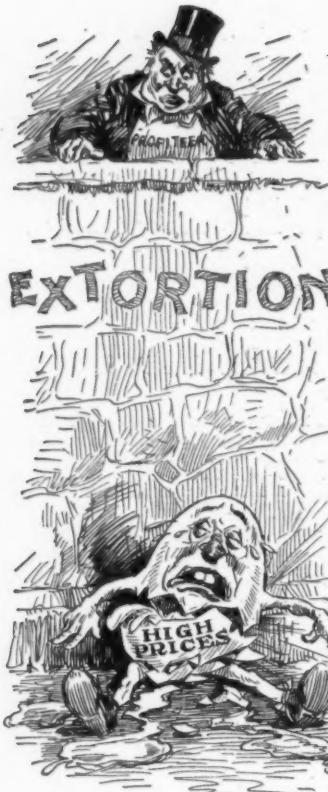
A little moonshine always makes the sun seem brighter.

A man is judged by the brew he makes.



PROFESSOR WOPPOLI'S TRAINED SEALS DEMAND FISH AND A HALF FOR OVERTIME.

LIFE'S Bi-weekoscope



'ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN COULDN'T PUT HUMPTY DUMPTY UP AGAIN.'



THE LAW AND THE PROFITS.



THE REAL CUP THAT ALBERT OFFERS.



LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

An Uncommon Common Bond

IN the secluded park of the great foreign capital the two met, and with that common bond of brotherhood instinctive with those for whom the world has not sufficiently provided, they greeted each other cordially. The shabbier of the two was possibly more distinctive, more courtly in his manners than the other man, whose inherent honesty shone in his eyes, albeit a certain brusqueness betrayed itself in his voice.

Said the first unfortunate:

"I judge we are both somewhat hopeless. This is my one suit." He brushed the



"MOTHER, IF YOU DIDN'T WEAR A NEW HAT ON EASTER WOULD THE MINISTER BE ANGRY?"

dust off the park seat. "And I must preserve it carefully."

"I am not so badly off for clothes," said the other, "but I really cannot afford a suitable place in which to live. My folks—well, perhaps they don't quite understand. What is your misfortune?"

The first man smiled as he stroked his mustachios.

"I used to be King of this country," he replied, "but I am now out of a job. And you?"

"I am the American Ambassador."

LOVE is something neither of the two understands until each has explained it to the other.

Life Lines



*Precept Upon Precept, Line Upon Line,—
Here a Titter and There a Titter.*

FOR the trouble German dolls have made F in America we're getting our revenge by sending Bergdolls to Germany.

The League of Nations to the League of Women Voters: "How do you like being slammed?"

A Johns Hopkins scientist has discovered an ultra-violet ray so powerful that it can show a wife just where her husband happens to be.

Virginia is the mother of Presidents, Ohio the grandmother, and France the landlady.

Senator Capper asserts that War gets ninety-seven per cent. of our annual revenue and Peace but three per cent. Why not build another battleship with that three per cent.?

The average salary of school-teachers throughout the United States is \$635 a year. And still our optimists inform us that this nation is the hope of the world.

Registered mail packages might appropriately be stamped "G. R. Q."

The office-seeker is now in a quandary as to whether he should exhibit push or pull.

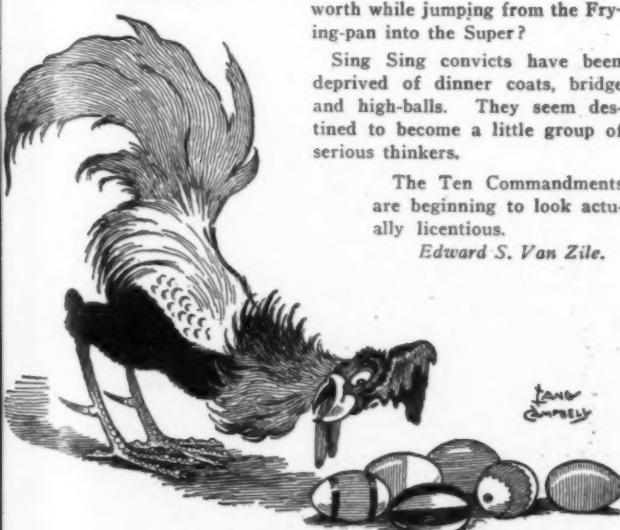
If Mr. Vanderlip's "Super-Senate" should be established, need would at once arise for a Super-Super-Senate, and after that for a Super-Super-Super-Senate. It is

worth while jumping from the Frying-pan into the Super?

Sing Sing convicts have been deprived of dinner coats, bridge and high-balls. They seem destined to become a little group of serious thinkers.

The Ten Commandments are beginning to look actually licentious.

Edward S. Van Zile.



Rooster: GREAT GUNS! THESE ARE NOT LIKE THE EGGS MOTHER USED TO LAY!



"INDADE, THE OIRISH HOV ALWAYS BEEN A FOIGHTIN' RACE. DIDN'T THEY NAME THE BIGGEST BATTHE IN THE WURRL FOR AN OIRISHMAN?"

"PHWAT'S THAT?"

"R. M'GEDDON."

LIFE'S Ready Replies

Use Them and Be Prepared for Emergencies; They Never Fail

DISARMAMENT

Q. ARE you for or against disarmament?

Q. A. Indeed I am in favor of disarmament, the kind that will hasten universal peace by giving us the maximum protection. My position was defined exactly by that great American who said on that memorable occasion: "The nations must disarm; and the sooner they begin the easier it will be for the United States to arrange her naval programs." Disarmament is such a simple proposition, after all, that it is difficult to see how so much can be made of it. The wishes of the Powers are plain. They believe in disarmament; and just as soon as they decide how it may be done without any serious reduction in their sea and land forces they will adopt the policy.

A CLOSE-UP of the motion picture business has resulted in many a capitalist's fade-out.

THE SILENT DRAMA

Without Limit

SOME time ago, we had occasion to speak, in rather disparaging terms, of the tremendous number of photoplays which have unsuccessfully attempted to duplicate the religious aspect of "The Miracle Man." We have seen many more such pictures since then, and our original statement is permitted to stand, in practically unmodified form. The word "practically" is inserted after a consideration of "Without Limit," a film in which the sacred note is stressed vehemently from start to finish, but which, nevertheless, manages to lend a considerable degree of conviction to its long-winded sermonizing.

"Without Limit" does not quite reach the Olympian heights of dramatic beauty which "The Miracle Man" achieved, but it is more finely balanced, and manages to hold the interest more consistently. George D. Baker, the director, has handled the production with great skill and meticulous care, so that the critic looks in vain for the usual flock of flaws upon which to pounce. The acting, though individually undistinguished, is generally excellent.

She Couldn't Help It

"IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE," known both as a novel and a play, has been converted into a starring vehicle for Bebe Daniels, and it provides only moderate entertainment. Miss Daniels has enormous eyes, but limited talent as an actress; and, although she is at all times ornamental, she contributes little to the dramatic value of the picture. The supporting cast easily outshines the star.

The Old Swimmin' Hole

WITHOUT benefit of a single split infinitive—that is, without the sub-title's artless aid—Charles Ray has portrayed the vagaries of the Briggsian youngster in his native haunts. Nominally an adaptation of the James Whitcomb Riley poem, "The Old Swimmin' Hole" seems actually to owe as much to the cartoon humorists of the Briggs and Webster variety as to the late Hoosier poet. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the absence of the sub-titles, but one's mental captions for the succession of genre scenes of American boyhood are irresistibly "When a Feller Needs a Friend" or "The Days of Real Sport."



Charles Ray is at his best in this picture, but the production is marred by the presence of several prankish young urchins who will never see thirty again.

Straight Is the Way

THE story of the crook who goes to a small town and is reformed by coming in contact with simple, credulous, honest folk, has been told many times, in novels, plays and movies, but we venture to say that it has seldom, if ever, been told better than in "Straight Is the Way." It is a picture which shows that even a hardened criminal may be turned to the right, without forcing him to resort to floods of glycerine tears or relinquish his sense of humor.

The credit for this meritorious production must go first to Robert Vignola, the director, and to his camera man (identity unknown). Nor should one overlook the fact that Ethel Watts Mumford wrote the original story (and it is original, in spite of the apparent staleness of its theme), or that it is satisfactorily interpreted by Matt Moore and an entirely competent cast. "Straight Is the Way" is a picture that we can recommend to everybody, without much fear that our mail the next day will be cluttered up with time bombs from vindictive readers who went to see it at our suggestion.

Buster Keaton

IT is just as well that Charlie Chaplin did not wait any longer before releasing "The Kid," for, otherwise, he might have awakened one bright morning to find that his crown had passed to the pensive brow of Buster Keaton. This serious young man comes as close to being Chaplin's rival as it is possible for anyone to come. In "The Saphead," a long picture, his style is rather cramped, but in "One Week," "The Scarecrow," "Hard Luck," and "The High Sign," he touches the peaks of comedy.

Robert E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

(Arranged, as nearly as possible, in order of seniority.)

WAY DOWN EAST (*Griffith*).—Town-hall-to-night stuff, sumptuously done.

OVER THE HILL (*Fox*).—The sort of rural sob drama that warms the cockles of your heart, provided you have such outlandish features.

THE MARK OF ZORRO (*United Artists*).—Douglas Fairbanks in a film that qualifies as the all-round champion of the world.

KISMET (*Robertson-Cole*).—Oriental version of Otis Skinner's dress-suit.

PASSION (*First National*).—The principal objection to this imported picture is that it is 'way above the average domestic production.'

BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS (*Goldwyn*).—Charming interpretation of a pleasant Scotch story.

THE LOVE LIGHT (*United Artists*).—Not

what we have a right to expect from Mary Pickford.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS (*Associated Producers*).—Cooper's famous novel is lost in the shuffle, but you will forget about that when you see the picture.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT (*Paramount*).—Absorbing and lavish rendition of an aged theme.

BLACK BEAUTY (*Vitagraph*).—Conventional melodrama with some fine horses in the leading rôles.

OUTSIDE THE LAW (*Universal*).—A Crook's tour of San Francisco's Chinatown.

THE DEVIL (*Pathé*).—Not as good as it ought to be, but George Arliss makes up for a lot.

THE EDUCATION OF ELIZABETH. (*Paramount*).—Billie Burke as an attractive chorus girl who runs into the Victorian era.

THE KID (*First National*).—Charlie Chaplin, aided and abetted by Jack Coogan.

THE FIRST-BORN (*Robertson-Cole*).—Ses-sue Hayakawa gives a performance of great merit in an otherwise dull tragedy.

THE OFF-SHORE PIRATE (*Metro*).—Viola Dana in a fresh and amusing story.

O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED (*Paramount*).—Bill Hart scores with all six shots.

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT (*Fox*).—Mark Twain's famous satiric novel made into a Sunshine Comedy at which you can't help laughing.

BURIED TREASURE (*Paramount*).—A second-rate affair, with Marion Davies.

LYING LIPS (*Associated Producers*).—Well-directed and melodramatic picture which includes just about everything in the thrill line.

FOR REVIEW NEXT WEEK.—"The Witching Hour," "Chickens," "The Concert," and "The Guile of Women."



Cook: AND ANOTHER THING O'VE LEARNT. YE'LL GIT ALONG BETTER WID THE MISSUS IF YE'LL JIST SWALLOW YER PROIDE AND TRATE HER AS AN EQUAL.

Police Efficiency

HOKUS: How does Sleuthpup rank as a detective?

POKUS: Great. You know, he used to work in the repair department of an umbrella factory.

"What has that got to do with being a detective?"

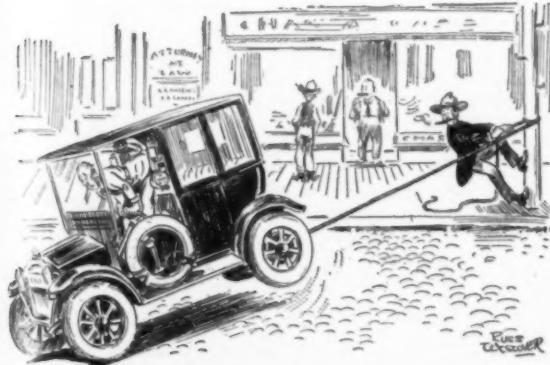
"Why, that fellow can recover an umbrella that has never been stolen."

After the Banquet

GADABOUT: That was a great speech of Clinkersworth, the coal magnate, on "Reasons for the Present Shortage."

STAYHOLM: I didn't think so. It left me cold.

IT pays to smile — But it doesn't pay much.



IMPRESSION GAINED FROM THE MOVIES OF HOW A WESTERNER MIGHT HAIL A TAXI.

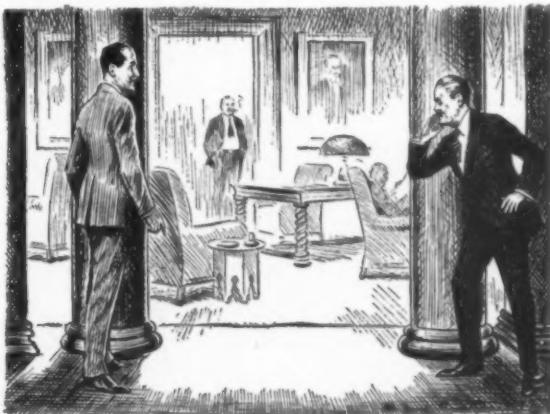
Nothing to It

JUDGE: This man says you deliberately ran over him.

SMART MOTORIST: That's nonsense. I leave it to you, your Honor. How can a man deliberate when he is going sixty-five miles an hour?

A FRENCH expert has ascertained that the chances for mis-take in identification with finger prints is one in seventeen billion. Nevertheless, it is little things like this that lend zest to the criminal's otherwise drab existence.

THE latest prize-winning orchid has been named Harding. All good Republicans hope it is a Harding perennial.



"DUCK, BILL! THERE'S WOODS! HE'S PLANNING TO GIVE A HOUSE PARTY."

The Call of the Wilde



OMEONE told me that Oscar Wilde used to rehearse his conversation in advance. He would retire to the seclusion of his withdrawing room, conceive a brilliant epigram, whip it into form, polish off the rough edges, say it over a few times to himself, and later deliver it to anyone who might be fortunate enough to encounter him in the Row, the Albemarle, or what not. He would mercilessly manipulate the conversation to a point where his *bon mot* might be hurled into the breach to best advantage, and his listeners, believing it to be quite impromptu, would marvel at the fellow's incredibly nimble wit.

Having heard all this—and taken it in—I murmured to myself:

"If he could do it—why not I?"

There was no one present to answer my purely rhetorical question and explain to me just why I could not become as accomplished a *diseur* as Oscar Wilde; and so I decided, in my hot-headed way, to try it on.

After much thought and mental labor, I evolved this epigram: *Experience is the name that most people give to their mistakes.* At first I was haunted by a vague idea that I might have read

it somewhere, but I rejected this unwelcome hypothesis and came to the conclusion that it was original.

I rehearsed it over and over while shaving, and resolved to bring it into action at the earliest possible moment. The postman was my first victim, and I engaged him in conversation. It took me some time to get around to the right subject, for he would persist in dwelling upon the state of the weather and the imminence of the vernal equinox and the latest baseball news from the spring training camps. Finally I put the thing point blank:

"Tell me, John," I asked, "do you know what experience is?"

He looked at me, winked, blew his whistle, and was off.

I subsequently tried to put the epigram over on one boot-black, two stenographers, one office boy, two elevator men, three waiters, one traffic policeman and one insurance agent to whom I accorded an interview for this express purpose; but I was thwarted every time, for it seemed that I lacked Wilde's finesse in leading up to the dénouement.

Finally, at dinner that evening, my valiant efforts were crowned with success. After much delicate Machiavellian intrigue, I succeeded in swinging the small talk around to the point where Amandine (the fair young thing at my right) asked me:

"Don't you feel that, in the long run, one can actually learn more from experience than from all the text books in the world?"

By a miracle of good luck, the other guests chose that particular moment to silence their chatter—so that I had a perfect situation for my coup.

"Of course," I replied casually, "but, after all, what is experience? . . ."

I paused for the effect.

Somewhat to my discomfiture, Amandine butted in.

"Experience," she cooed, "is the name that many people will give to their mistakes—as Oscar Wilde so well expressed it."

I knew that I had read that darned thing somewhere. *R. E. Sherwood.*

Easter Sonnet

I AM moved to write a sonnet
(Why, I don't exactly know)
To a lady's Easter bonnet;
Seven daisies in a row
Grew in stately grace upon it.

I will write in lines that glow
Of the funny tilt behind it
(Or in front, it may be so).
Front or back—the lady'd find it
When she donned the hat, you know.

There's no jesting in my sonnet!
I've no ridicule to show
For the funny crown upon it!
Nay—a tear comes, soft and slow—
For my mother wore that bonnet
Thirty-seven years ago!

Joseph Andrew Galahad.



WHEN BABY CUTS A TOOTH.



LA FAYETTE



Seeing the LA FAYETTE, one knows intuitively that it will serve capably for many, many years . . . He senses likewise its superb activity and almost unbounded power . . . He is sure also of its unhurried workmanship . . . The guaranty of these is eminent engineering, for which no car is more notable than LA FAYETTE

LaFayette Open Car, \$5625 at Indianapolis

LA FAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY
at Mars Hill INDIANAPOLIS



All About Coal

There is a New York scientist who is greatly interested in coal mining. He decided to subscribe to a press-clipping bureau, to get every new slant on coal. He said to the clipping bureau: "I want everything you can find about coal." The first clipping he got was an article about a man who was suing his wife for a separation because she hit him in the head with a lump of coal.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Grandma for a Blue Sunday

"Helen, I really cannot permit you to read novels on the Sabbath."

"But, grandma, this one is all right; it tells about a girl who was engaged to three Episcopal clergymen all at once."

—*Boston Transcript.*

A Standstill

IMPECUNIOUS ONE: What! You with a fortune preaching Communism?

PROSPEROUS ONE: If you please, yes! I invite you to share it in the name of my principles—and in the name of yours I keep the money.—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris).*

SHE: (in a tantrum): Absolutely! I'm going away to die. Give me my toothbrush and my powder puff.

—*Sans-Gêne (Paris).*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.00 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Single current copies, 15 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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A Gray Hair

My first gray hair!
I never knew that you were there,
Nor least expected you would come so
soon—

But you are there;
From whence you came or where
I know not, but I care.

You make me stop and wonder
Why I find you there to-night,
Is it some worry or some fright
That leaves you colorless, and oh, so white?
You'll not be seen, oh, no, not yet.
On that your fondest curls you bet,
For just as long as you are there
I'll hide you very neatly—there!
And none will wonder—only I, at you—
My first gray hair.

—*Wells Hawks, in New York Sun.*

The Wages of Death

LECTURE (recapitulating): Yes, my friends, in China human life is considered of very little value. Indeed, if a wealthy Chinaman is condemned to death he can easily hire another to die for him. In fact, many poor fellows get their living by acting as substitutes.

—*Tit-Bits.*

Representatives

Wagnerian opera is being successfully performed in Paris. Germany's intelligence has always been better represented by its musicians and poets than by its politicians.

—*Washington Star.*

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EGYPTIAN

DEITIES

"The Ultmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

30¢

Smaragdos Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

The BILTMORE

Where the social life of New York centers by day and evening

CLOSE TO ALL THEATRES AND SHOPS

HIGHER EDUCATION

Courses in English, Spanish, Mathematics, Chemistry, Drawing, Education, Business and in 35 other subjects are given by correspondence. Begin any time.

HOME STUDY

The University of Chicago

25th Year Division 30, Chicago, Ill.

Why U. S. Tires are More Worth Having than Ever

ONE of the wholesome signs of the changing times is the insistence of people on getting full value for their money.

The more insistent they become, the closer we shall get to the old days of one-hundred-cents-worth for each dollar.

* * *

Consider how this works out for the tire user.

Everyone remembers the days of shifting prices.

Nobody knew where he stood when he went to buy a tire.

Then came the reaction.

Men and women got back their *quality standards*.

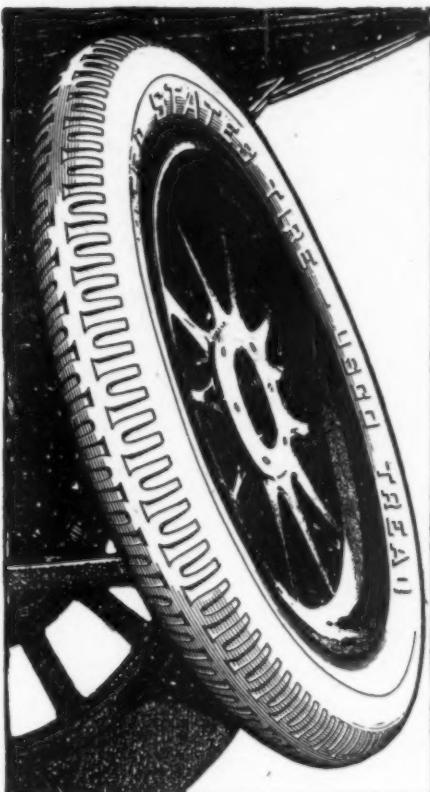
They stopped buying unknown and unauthorized tires.

Value came to the front once more—with price a relative question.

The following for U. S. *full-value* tires grew as never before.

* * *

The United States policy



THE U. S. USCO TREAD

Here is the U. S. Usco Tread, with a long-established standard of service among motorists who have an eye to value, as well as to price. While selling for less than the other tires in the U. S. Fabric line, the Usco has earned a reputation for quality and dependable economy which is not exceeded by any tire in its class.

has always been to give a man *full value* in return for every dollar he invests in U. S. Tires.

No matter what kind of

car he rides in—no matter what the size of his tires—it believes in giving him a full *one hundred per cent* of tire service.

It does not take the size of a man's car as a criterion of how good his tires should be made.

It does not take advantage of temporary market conditions to give him a tire less good than the tire he is entitled to.

* * *

This policy of the United States Rubber Company has put it in the commanding position in the industry it holds today.

More car owners are coming to U. S. Tires.

More dealers are beginning to appreciate the U. S. Tire policy.

Because of this interest on the part of tire users and tire dealers everywhere, the United States Rubber Company is in a better position to deliver *fresh, live, high quality* tires to its customers than it ever was.

United States Tires

United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three
Factories

The Oldest and Largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches



The Customer-at-Large

The woman in the crowded downtown department store wore a very irritated expression on her face.

"I've been waiting such a long time," she complained to one of the clerks.

"Sorry, madam," he said, "but we must take our customers as they come."

"Wretched service!" the woman was heard to mutter.

"Now, what is it, madam?" the clerk asked, returning to her.

"Could you tell me how to get to the nearest Broadway subway station?" she asked.—*New York Sun*.

The Fly in the Ointment

From the Macedonian correspondence, Dansville (Ark.) *Democrat*:

"The candy breaking at Sid Noblets was O. K. except his house fell down."

Reversed Version

Go east, young bandit!

—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal*.

Sure Relief



Old Town Canoe

IT'S just like gliding through space to idle along in an "Old Town Canoe." Lazy paddle strokes keep you moving ahead. Vigorous ones give you a burst of speed that can't be beaten. For an "Old Town" is the lightest, fastest, steadiest canoe you ever paddled.

The built-in strength of an "Old Town Canoe" makes it last for years. Send for catalog. There are 3,000 canoes in stock. \$67 up from dealer or factory.

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY
1133 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.



Keeping Calm
I have my share of grief and care,
Beyond the slightest doubt;
I have enough of dreadful stuff
Each day to fret about.
So when I see prepared for me
A line of stuff like this:
"The Sabbath gang now want to hang
The man who steals a kiss!
They'd kill the joy of man and boy,
Who'd spend the Sabbath day
By motoring where song birds sing,
And put all fun away!"
I do not fret and get upset,
And let that frighten me;
Let others storm—that's one reform
That's never going to be!

—Edgar A. Guest, in *Detroit Free Press*.

Father's Endorsement

WIFE: That new nurse of ours must be a Bowery product. She speaks of the nursery as the "noisery."

HUB: Well, I rather think that's the way it should be pronounced.

—*Boston Transcript*.



Business Revolves Around These Banks

CHICAGO is the center of the country's greatest activity. Various and indispensable are her contributions to the wealth and enterprise of the nation.

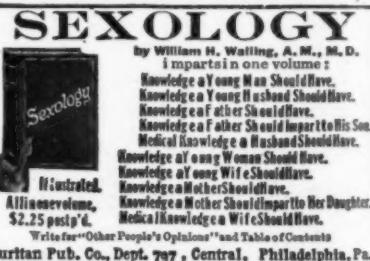
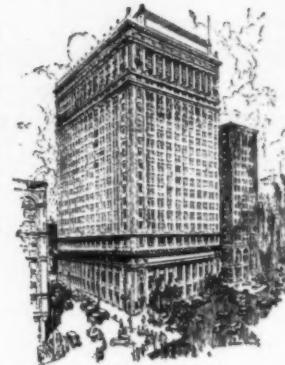
As varied as are this city's activities so are the services of

The Continental and Commercial Banks

We invite you to communicate or consult with us on all matters of commercial and foreign banking, savings, trusts, investment securities, trade information.

The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS CHICAGO

Invested Capital over 55 Million Dollars



Civic Pride

"You state in the first paragraph of your story that this was the most sensational robbery we've ever had here," said the city editor.

"Well, wasn't it?" asked the new reporter.

"Certainly not. Why, our banks have been robbed by some of the most noted crooks in the country."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Procedure

"Let's see, whom were we discussing?"

"I forget! Who went out of the dressing room last?" —*London Mail*.

Our Newspaper Paragraphists

(Some of the Things They Are Saying.)

How much politer is the salesman trying to sell a shirt for \$1.85 than he used to be when you were begging him to take \$7.85 for one! —*New York Tribune.*

Eternity is the interval between the hour a small boy gets home from school and the time supper is served.

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The advertisements are getting to be so attractive that a fellow hardly dares to read the paper.—*Indianapolis News.*

What has become of the old-fashioned reporter who said a scene beggared description and then went ahead and described it?

—*Hutchinson (Kan.) Gazette.*

The man who doesn't think enough of his dog to pay a tax on him "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

There is always this consolation: If a bandit holds you up and takes your all, you



Thomas Jefferson

thought not alone of 1776 when he signed the Declaration of America's Independence. Instead, he looked ahead, anticipating the needs of the nation for the decades to follow.

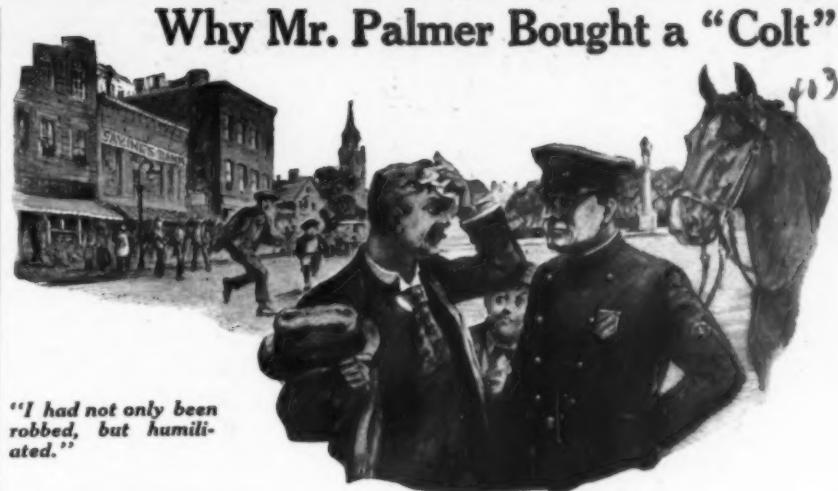
Are you looking ahead, out into the future, preparing for the stresses that must be met and vanquished by physical efficiency?

One of your first acts of preparedness should be the care of your eyesight. The safest and surest way is to have your vision tested by your Optometrist periodically.

The Emblem of Superior Optical Service. Look for it where you obtain your glasses.

Also ask for the little "Conservation of Sight" booklet. It's gratis.

Associated Optometrists
of America, Inc.,
Home Office, 295½ E. Broad
St., Richmond, Virginia



"I had not only been robbed, but humiliated."

MR. PALMER is a successful merchant in one of the suburbs of a large eastern city. That is not his real name, but the story he tells is typical of many a merchant's experience.

"When I finally rushed out of my store and located a traffic officer that night," said Mr. Palmer, "a question he asked added to my discomfiture at the loss of my property. I had not only been robbed by a 'hold-up' man who walked boldly into my place after the clerks had gone, but I was humiliated.

"I had prided myself upon utilizing every safeguard such as fire insurance and burglary insurance, but when the officer asked me what I had done to stop the fellow from robbing me I had to admit I had done nothing at all.

"I had at that time nothing to protect my life or property.

"The inference was obvious. I had

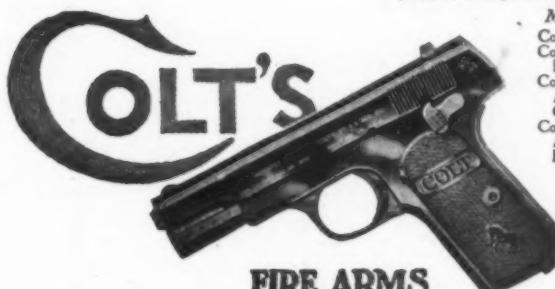
been just as negligent as the man who sits by and lets a fire burn into a conflagration because he had no fire extinguisher handy.

"I have now the means to discourage further attempts to rob my store. I can assist the law to stop law-breakers. Thieves do not molest those who have the protection of a Colt. I could have turned that fellow over to the police instead of giving the officer the meager description I did which was not enough to apprehend him. I now have a Colt in the drawer of my desk and another at my house. I consider it my duty to have this essential protection as an aid to law and order."

The honored history of Colt Fire Arms has linked them inseparably with the maintenance of right, and the protection of the nation's honor, homes and property.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Manufacturers of
Colt's Revolvers
Colt's Automatic
Pistols
Colt's (Browning)
Automatic Machine
Guns
Colt's (Browning)
Automatic Machine
Rifles



FIRE ARMS

can deduct it on your income-tax return and the result is that you don't lose anything.

—*Columbia Record.*

If the politicians catch on to Chesterton they will hold him here and send him to Congress. He could almost prove that economy consists in spending money foolishly.

—*New York Herald.*

It is said that Cuba's supply of wet goods is running low, and tourists should remember that rum wasn't built in a day!

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Anyway, it is a sweetly solemn thought that all the members of the present and next congresses will not serve as long as Uncle Joe Cannon has.—*Houston Post.*

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

404

Let a Box of Nugler's NEW YORK be your Easter Greeting

WHEN you give candy this Easter you can be confident that it is the best you have ever given.

Great progress has been made in candy making and there are few varieties in the modern candy box which have not been greatly improved in recent years.

Do you appreciate the greater delicacy of modern candy?

\$2.50 per lb. \$2.00 per lb. \$1.50 per lb.

EUROPE ESCORTED and INDIVIDUAL TRAVEL



EXCEPTIONALLY well planned itineraries and schedules form the basis of our programs for travel in Europe this year.

Our eighty years of practical experience in the field of travel are at your command and will give you the smooth-working, helpful, comfortable service for which the name of Thos. Cook & Son stands.

Current programs deal with
EUROPE, MEDITERRANEAN, CALIFORNIA,
BERMUDA, JAPAN, CHINA, PHILIPPINES,
ROUND THE WORLD, etc.

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New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston
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Vancouver, B. C.

The
SEASONED TRAVELER

A HOTEL is known by its guests and its service. The Hollenden guest is the seasoned traveler who knows the subtle niceties of service. He recognizes and appreciates the personal quality which has grown out of a long and distinguished record of catering to particular people.

The
HOLLENDEN
CLEVELAND



NOT A DRY PAGE IN IT.

405.



For Easter

NUNNALLY'S may be bought at the better drug and candy stores everywhere.

If you have never been so fortunate as to have tasted NUNNALLY'S, a two-pound "Box Bountiful" (as illustrated) will be sent postpaid for \$3.00 by writing

THE
NUNNALLY COMPANY
Atlanta Georgia
Home of
"The Candy of the South"

A gracious gift is a box of Nunnally's — "The Candy of the South." Your pleasure in the giving will only be exceeded by her appreciation of its goodness.



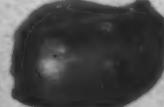
Creamed Brazil Nuts
Selected brazil nuts, hand-trimmed, fork dipped in cream, chocolate coated.



Italian Creams
A rich butter fudge dipped in chocolate.



Chocolate Cordial Cherries
Cordial Cherries dipped in cream, then chocolate.



Chocolate Parfait Cocanut
Fresh cocoanut center, rolled in caramel, dipped in chocolate containing ground nuts.

W. L. DOUGLAS

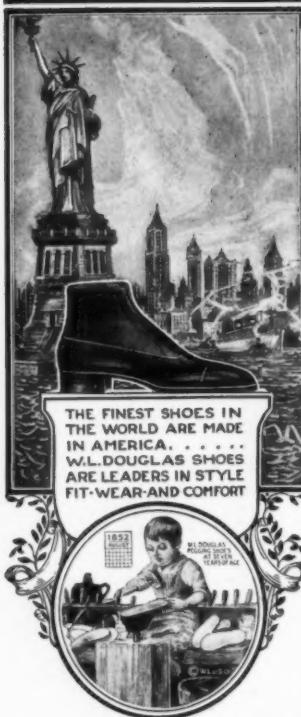
Retail Price \$8.00 SHOES
Reduced

Special Shoes \$10.00 || Special Shoes \$6.00
Hand Workmanship Stylish and Durable

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE STAMPED PRICE IS W. L. DOUGLAS PERSONAL GUARANTEE THAT THE SHOES ARE ALWAYS WORTH THE PRICE PAID FOR THEM

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT



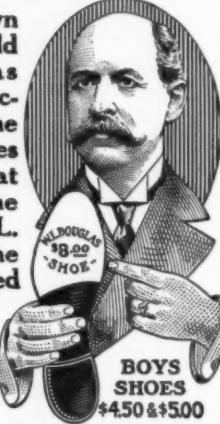
They are the best known shoes in the world. Sold in 107 W. L. Douglas stores, direct from the factory to you at only one profit, which guarantees to you the best shoes that can be produced, at the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom of all shoes before they leave the factory, which is your protection against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

CAUTION Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. Be careful to see that it has not been changed or mutilated

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 8000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.



W. L. Douglas
President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
147 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

The Whirl of Letters

LORD DUNSDANY was recently arrested in Ireland for carrying a gun. Perhaps he was merely out stalking critics.

The Seattle police have jailed a man for carrying the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam concealed on his person. The police contend that the Rubaiyat is not free verse.

We'd like to know what Spargo thinks of Margot and what Margot thinks of Spargo.

The February Atlantic publishes "The Story of a Sweet Little Girl, by an Elderly Spinster." Last year's fashion would have called for the story of an elderly spinster by a sweet little girl.

Conservative? Not Kipling—he is writing for the screen. He's Tory in his heart, perhaps, but never in his bean.

A new book by Frank A. Parsons is called *The Psychology of Dress*. But

what is shocking the public at present is the undress of psychology.

A forthcoming book is entitled *How to Know the Vers Librists*. Unnecessary. Just listen!

A new *Life of Lenin* is announced. It will not be as popular as his widely circulated death.

There's a bill in Congress for an American Laureate. Did it originate in Lowell, Mass.?

Local egotism! Hartford, Conn., boasts that more noted literary men have left that city than any city in the country.

Profiteering

"I suppose you marry a lot of eloping couples, squire. Quite a source of income, eh?"

"Yes; I git \$5 for marryin' each couple an' they come in such darned haste I allus fine 'em \$10 more for speedin'."

—Boston Transcript.

The Blue Bard to His Love

A H, Amaryllis, be not gay,
It's Sunday;
Don't place temptation in my way
On Sunday;
Your smiles provide a subtle snare,
And make me painfully aware
That lips are only used for prayer,
On Sunday.

That tender glance, I beg, withdraw,
It's Sunday;
Such things are dead against the law,
On Sunday;
I do not wish to seem a prude,
But I'd be much upset if you'd
Attempt to wreck my rectitude
On Sunday.

Eradicate those dimples, please,
It's Sunday.
My will is weak in times like these,
On Sunday;
And, if for tenderness you search,
Don't cause my good resolves to lurch,
Or I'll forget to go to church,
On Sunday.

Robert E. Sherwood.

The Follow-Through

There was an occasion when James Whistler, the famous artist, accused J. Comyns Carr, the brilliant wit, dramatist and art critic, of making a joke at the expense of a certain friend.

"Well," replied Carr, "I can make a friend most days, but I can only make a good joke now and then."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Whistler. "I wish I had said that myself!"

"Never mind, Jimmy, you will," retorted Carr.—*Tit-Bits*.



Outdoors and the skin —

Don't forego the pleasure of outdoor life because the sun and wind coarsen and roughen your skin. The regular use of Resinol Soap and Ointment is almost sure to offset these effects. Resinol Soap rids the pores of dust and oil, and Resinol Ointment soothes the chapped and roughened skin.

Sold by all druggists.

Resinol

409

Camel Cigarettes are such a revelation in quality!

COMPARE Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price and you will realize how unusual and delightful they really are. And then, too, you will better understand why Camels are universally smoked throughout the nation!

Camels were created to be the finest cigarette ever made both as to quality and the enjoyment they provide. They were made to excel in refreshing flavor and wonderful mellow mildness any cigarette you ever smoked—and they do! Your taste will prove that!

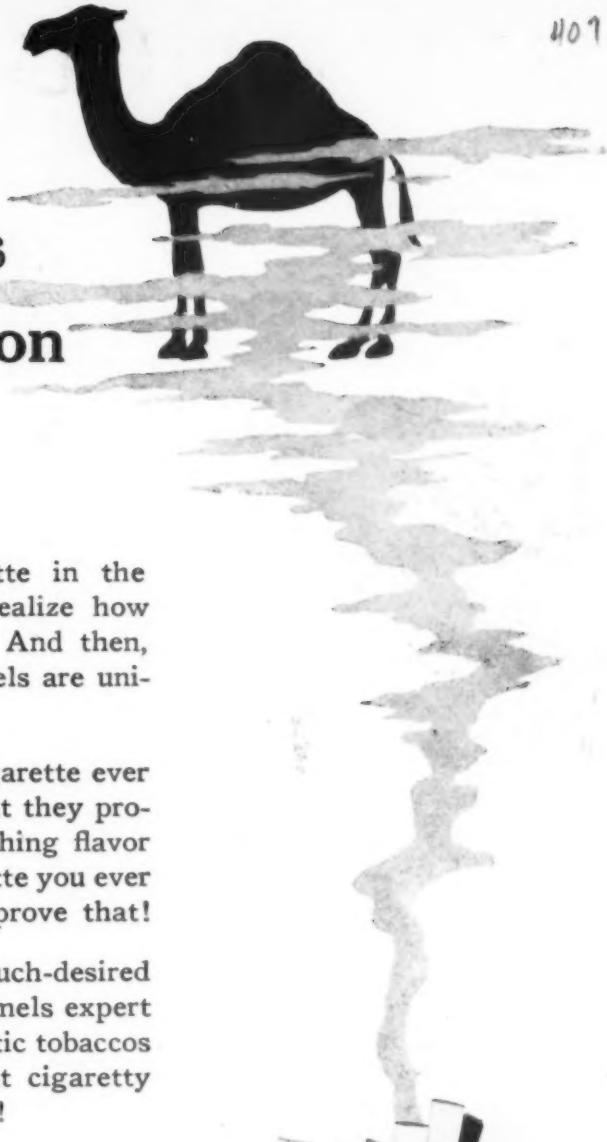
You'll keenly appreciate the smooth, much-desired delightfulness that comes to you from Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos—and—Camels freedom from unpleasant cigarettey aftertaste and unpleasant cigarettey odor!

And, it's such satisfaction to be able to smoke Camels as liberally as you like because *they never tire your taste!*

*Camels are sold everywhere in
scientifically sealed packages
of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel CIGARETTES





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And the charming Period Design
—enameled in the accepted Decorative
Colors.

Specialty pleasing in Twin Pair.
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—and Simmons Springs, in every way
worthy to go with Simmons Beds.



RESTFUL sleep depends very largely on inducing every nerve and muscle to relax.

Get Simmons Beds in place of your creaky old beds. It will make all the difference in the world!

Simmons Beds are noiseless, firm and steady—designed and produced by the recognized authority on beds built for sleep.

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Twin Beds into rooms shared by two persons. One sleeper does not disturb the other, or communicate colds or other infections.

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